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# Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 24.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1867.

NO. 46.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

### ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from a Nervous Disease. Premature Decay and the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Subscribers wishing to profit by this simple experience can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. ELLIOTT,  
No. 42 Cedar st., New York.  
10-14

### SEINES AND NET TWINES.

ROPE, CORKS, BUOYS,  
LEADS AND NET FITTINGS,  
of every description, manufactured and for sale  
H. & G. W. LORDE,  
89 Commercial Street,  
Boston, Mass.  
oct. 4

### MALE ACADEMY.

CLINTON, N. C.  
THE EXERCISES OF THIS SCHOOL, WILL  
begin on the 2d Monday of January next, and con-  
tinue twenty weeks. It is the intention of the  
Academy to admit into this School worthy  
of attention, and one in which boys may be well  
prepared for College, or for the usual avocations  
of life.

It will be open discipline will be exercised,  
in point of morality, Church advantages,  
intelligence, taste, style and otherfulness, will  
compare very favorably with any other inland  
town in the State, and is, therefore, a suitable  
point for a School.

Books can be procured on reasonable terms.  
RATES OF TUITION.

English, Drawing,..... \$17 50  
Ancient Languages,..... 22 50  
No deduction except in case of sickness pro-  
tracted beyond two weeks.

M. MCLEOD,  
Principal,  
43-68

### HIGH SCHOOL, MALES AND FEMALIS, CLASSICAL AND PRACTICAL.

Mr. VERNON SPRINGS, Chatham Co., N. C.  
MOST ELIGIBLE LOCATION; SCHOOL IN  
successful operation for the past two years.  
Ample accommodations for 100 pupils.

### EXPERIENCED TEACHERS,

### STRICT DISCIPLINE.

It is found impossible to put the new  
scheme into operation in the middle of the  
College year. Hence it will go into op-  
eration in June next, at the commencement of  
the next year. At that time a President and  
Professors will be elected to fill the vari-  
ous chairs.

In the meantime President Swain and the  
other members of the Faculty are re-  
quested and will consent to remain at their  
posts during the next session, while Prof.  
W. C. Kerr, State Geologist, with the ad-  
vice and consent of the Board of Literature,  
will give a complete course of Lectures in  
Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geol-  
ogy to the Senior Class. The chair of  
Metaphysics will be temporarily filled by  
the Executive Committee. An address will  
be issued to the people of the State by that  
Committee.

The Trustees are determined that the  
University shall be all that such an institu-  
tion ought to be, and for one we say  
speed—R. L. Sentinel, 19th.

### Office of the North Carolina Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 23, 1867.

A CREDITOR'S BILL WAS FILED IN THE  
Court of Equity of Wake County against  
the NORTH CAROLINA MUTUAL FIRE INSUR-  
ANCE COMPANY, in the last term of the  
Court, a decree was made appointing me  
as one of the assets of the said Company,  
and, in pursuance of said decree, notice is hereby  
given to all the creditors of the said  
Company to present to the expense of said  
Company, their known intent on or before the  
FOURTH MONDAY IN MARCH, 1868, and prove  
their claims before me, subscriber; otherwise they  
will be excluded from the distribution  
of the assets of the Company.

Raleigh Sentinel, 19th.

### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF CHAPEL HILL.

We are officially requested to announce  
that the next meeting of the "Chapel Hill  
Agricultural Society" will take place at  
that village on Saturday, Dec. 28th, at 11  
o'clock A. M. Hon. W. H. Battle by invitation  
will deliver an address on the occasion.  
Several matters of importance will come up for consideration. Farmers  
and the public generally are respectfully  
requested to attend.

Raleigh Sentinel, 19th inst.

### JUDGE BUXTON.—We are glad to see back at home his Honor, Judge R. P. Buxton, who has been for the past two or three months absent on his judicial circuit in the western part of the State. He is looking in good health.

Judge Buxton holds the special term of  
Bladen county Superior Court, which met  
on yesterday; also of Halifax county, on  
Monday, January 6th.

Judge Barnes will hold the special term of  
Cumberland county Superior Court on  
Monday, January 27th.

Fayetteville News, 17th.

### ANOTHER MURDER.—THE MURDERER KILLED BY A SMALL BOY.—Night before last three negroes went to the residence of Mr. Dani Doughty, on the road leading from Neuse to Trent, and while two of them re- mained outside, one named Ben Carmer, went inside, and finding no one there but Mr. P. Bratcher, demanded what money there was in the house, and imme- diately seized him. Mr. B. also seized the negro when a violent struggle ensued. The negro managing to free himself, drew a pistol and firing twice at Bratcher wounded him mortally in the abdomen and right arm. A small boy living with Mr. Doughty, seeing the turn affairs were taking, reached quickly behind the door of the room, and seizing the gun belonging to Mr. Doughty, fired at the negro killing him instantly. The negroes outside ran, and up to this time have not been caught. It is perhaps proper to state here that Mr. Doughty was absent from his home at the time of the murder.

It is a significant fact that more murders  
and other crimes are committed in the  
vicinity of Newbern than in any other part  
of the State, that nearly all of them are  
committed by negroes and that the Radical  
influence is stronger here than anywhere  
else in the State.

New Bern Jour. of Com., 20th.

### DANIEL THOMPSON.—We are now able to give the particulars of the sad case of this young man, obtained from Mr. Leach, the Vice-President of the Institution for the Deaf, the Dumb and the Blind, who after bearing of the case, had the young man buried. From letters found in the young man's trunk, we learn that Daniel Thompson was a son of Mr. Franklin Thompson, was student at Trinity College. His health was feeble and he determined to leave for his home at the close of the session. He left the College, we presume, on Friday evening last and nothing occurred until his arrival on the cars at the Hills- boro' station. A gentleman, who sat near him, saw him purchase a snack—a biscuit and a piece of fowl—which he commenced eating. About the time he had eaten half of his snack, he remarked to the gentle- man, that he was very sick; in a few moments he turned very dark and soon fell from his seat in a severe fit. All was done for him that could be, but he continued speechless and to have spasms until the train arrived here on Sunday morning.— The Railroad Agent had him taken from the cars, and, we learn, dispatched messen- gers to several physicians, who did not re-

turn.

Mr. Davis' Visit to the Eastern Shore.

The Eastern (Maryland) Star, of Tuesday,

says:

The Hon. Jefferson Davis visited Talbot county  
last week, in company with Charles Howard, Esq.,  
of Baltimore, and stopped with Colonel Edward  
Lloyd, the son-in-law of the Howard family, who was his  
host on the Eastern Shore, and he expressed  
himself much pleased with the country. While  
sojourning at Col. Lloyd's, he was called upon by  
a number of ladies and gentlemen of this and the  
adjacent towns, and was well received. On Friday  
he dined with his old friend, Admiral Franklin Du  
chanan, and a number of our citizens availed  
themselves of the Admiral's hospitable invitation,  
and called to see him. The Admiral was out  
of town, but looked quite well and appeared  
cheerful. He returned to Baltimore on Monday,  
and will soon leave for Mississippi, where he  
will spend the winter.

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1867.

NO. 46.

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WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

The latest advices from Hayti are of the most alarming character. A reign of terror has been inaugurated, and the people are concealing themselves. The despotism of President Salhane and the measures of conscription instituted by General Ulysses cause the greatest alarm, and good people, even the representatives of foreign governments, are asking protection. The murder of General Leon Idonets, in the dungeon at Cape Hayti, has been confirmed, and as revolting as were the earliest rumors, the actual facts are more appalling. Kept without food for four days, dosed with poison, smothered to the extent to which available strength could smother him, he is only deprived of life at last by repeated stabs in the skull with a chisel. This, however, was not all. The brother of the murdered man, who had in the meantime been captured, was chained down to the bloody bed on which this deed of wickedness had been perpetrated. The only relieving feature in this barbaric picture is the announced fact that the parents of the brothers Montes have been driven to desperation. It is to be borne in mind that this barbarity has been accomplished by official command.

Here we have a specimen of negro civilization, a practical illustration rather of negro barbarism, under a government conducted by themselves; such the conduct of negro officials towards captured enemies.

In this country we have no negro rulers as yet, but the tendency of the times, if the recent action of the Northern people be not the forerunner of its end, is to create negro governments in the Southern States, to be followed of course by negro rulers.

In fact, a majority of the delegates elected to the Convention in South Carolina are negroes. In view of this probable condition of affairs, the history of these Haytian official outrages may teach a lesson of political wisdom to us.

But is it necessary to go beyond the limits of the South to demonstrate the appalling dangers attending negro supremacy—within the borders of North Carolina, are not the perils of negro equality and negro citizenship been made most apparent? In what portion of the State are life and property so safe now as they were a twelve-month ago? We have the same civil and military officials—the same white population, and for the most part the same black population. No war or riots have prevailed to suddenly demoralize our people. But there has been a great civil commotion. Our courts have been rendered nugatory—trials by jury under the laws of the State, have been abolished—the elective franchise has been taken away from a large number of our best white citizens and been conferred upon the hordes of ignorant blacks; the negroes have withdrawn from the sympathy, protection and leadership of friends of long established characters, and placed themselves under the care of unknown strangers and characterless adventurers. With these leaders they have monopolized the government.

With hope yet flickering in their breasts, our planters are still willing to contend against their adverse fortunes, and attempt again to cultivate their fertile lands. They are anxious to do something to support their families, to pay their taxes, and, if possible, meet their already matured obligations, but we fear many—probably a majority—are unable to raise the means to undertake the work. All efforts to borrow money upon liens, upon forthcoming crops, or even mortgages upon their lands, have proved failures, and many political economists advise against this course, even if it could be made available, as temporary relief would prove ultimate ruin to seven-eighths of those who could get these indulgencies. Such persons propose, instead of borrowing, the sale of a portion of the land in order to procure the means of cultivating the remainder. The demand for money is so urgent, and its necessity so multifarious, that it could hardly be met by a loan, and can only be provided for by a sale of a portion of the lands.

But this brings up the question how these sales are to be effected. There is, and can be, but one answer. By bending all our energies to attract immigrants and capital. Property is almost without value because there are no purchasers; no increasing population and wealth to create a demand. We must attract purchasers from abroad, and these purchasers will draw settlers, and these settlers will add to the value, as well as to the demand, for lands. With increased population comes increased value of property, greater market facilities, extension of commerce, and decreased taxes and reduced prices of all the necessities of life.

Our farmers and land-owners are consequently more directly interested in the subject of immigration than any others, and they should by all means turn their attention to its increasing importance. Liberal inducements should be held out, and the kindest treatment extended to those who desire to settle in this section. Let those who are so situated as to be able to furnish immediate provision for, and make available the labor of industrious immigrants, the agencies, under trustworthy men, to introduce such upon their farms. The expense is within the reach of many, and we do not think, however indifferent may be the success of the experiment, that much risk is assumed, and the trial may be rewarded with flattering returns. Thus the foundation of a reliable system of labor may be laid, and our agricultural interests thus sooner than otherwise receive the only relief which can stay its distress and make it again prosperous.

In my judgment, admitting that all the States will take part in the election, the Democracy will carry the following States, although a statesman, no less eminent than the Hon. Daniel W. Vortex, of Indiana, claims a much better result: California, 5; Connecticut, 6; Delaware, 3; Illinois, 16; Indiana, 12; Kentucky, 11; Maryland, 7; Missouri, 11; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 7; New York, 33; Ohio, 21; Oregon, 3; Pennsylvania, 26; Wisconsin, 8; Minnesota, 4; West Virginia, 4—181. For the Radicals: Iowa, 8; Kansas, 3; Maine, 7; Massachusetts, 12; Michigan, 8; New Hampshire, 5; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 5—52. Now doubtful for the contest: Alabama, 8; Arkansas, 5; Florida, 3; Georgia, 9; Louisiana, 7; Mississippi, 7; North Carolina, 9; South Carolina, 6; Tennessee, 10; Texas, 4; Virginia, 10—78. Whole number: 311. It would require 156 votes to elect, leaving, according to this calculation, 25 votes to the Democracy to spare. Various changes might be made in this combination, but a similar result would be the inevitable consequence.

BISHOP LYNCH unexpectedly paid us a visit last Sunday, and preached a most eloquent and learned sermon on the birth of our Saviour, in the parsonage, in St. Thomas' Church. His congregation regretted exceedingly that it was not known the Bishop would address them. His discourse the afternoon was a description of his visit to Rome last June, on the occasion of the celebration of the 1800th anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter. His description of the large gathering of the Heads of the Church on that occasion was eloquent as well as highly interesting.

Very truly yours,

## Bingham School.

ime, long, long gone by—and as he dictates upon the subject, and the recollections of his youth dash upon his mind, a tear starts in his eye—the old man is again a child.

The old year is fast dying out—its living realities are for the most part over—gone like the loved ones who have dropped amid the winter snows or summer heats into early or later graves. It lives in memory, but is gone in reality—and that which was a few months ago living, breathing, acting is now but ashes—the ashes of recollections—some sweet, bright and beautiful; others, oh, how sorrowful with the weight of tears. The black horses with sombre plumes, have stopped at many a door their driver, death, has left his footprint in many a home circle, carrying off with relentless hand the young and old, and the coming year will find by many a fireside an empty seat and mourning hearts to bid him welcome.

But we are getting grave when we should be gay. What though our condition is not that which we had hoped, or longed for; what though the heavy cloud still hangs over us like a funeral pall, let us look beyond the darkness for the silver lining which will surely come to lighten up the gloom which now surrounds us. Christmas is the time for smiles, not tears. Let us not, therefore, make ourselves morose, ascetic or uncomfortable by brooding over our condition. We cannot improve it, and, besides, there is a great deal of practical common sense in promoting seasons of joyous festivity and hearty mirth. We therefore hope that everybody will enjoy themselves during the holidays—that they will receive any quantity of presents and be very happy. To one and all we wish a merry and happy Christmas; that the coming twelve months may find our condition in every respect improved; that we may spend it in a manner more agreeable to ourselves and fellow-creatures, and more acceptable to him "who doth all things well."—*Daily Journal*, 25th.

## Agricultural Relief.

The pecuniary distress of all branches of industry is the mill-stone around the neck of Southern prosperity, which is dragging it to the bottom of the slough of despondency and failure. The indebtedness of our farmers, especially, is the blight upon the material interest of this section; an indebtedness not from any fault or mismanagement, indolence or want of judgment on their part, but the result of the revolution through which we have passed, followed by the demoralization of labor, onerous and unjust taxation by the Government, and the unsettled condition of the country attendant upon the partisan legislation of Congress. To relieve this distress has been the great object of individuals and local governments. Advances have been freely and generously made; stay laws have been enacted; military orders have been issued, but to no purpose, and to-day the agricultural interest of the South, the foundation and trestle-stone of its wealth and prosperity, is in an infinitely worse condition than when, two years ago, our farmers rebuilt their destroyed houses and fences, and plowed again the field, hardened by the tread of marching or contending armies.

With hope yet flickering in their breasts, our planters are still willing to contend against their adverse fortunes, and attempt again to cultivate their fertile lands. They are anxious to do something to support their families, to pay their taxes, and, if possible, meet their already matured obligations, but we fear many—probably a majority—are unable to raise the means to undertake the work. All efforts to borrow money upon liens, upon forthcoming crops, or even mortgages upon their lands, have proved failures, and many political economists advise against this course, even if it could be made available, as temporary relief would prove ultimate ruin to seven-eighths of those who could get these indulgencies. Such persons propose, instead of borrowing, the sale of a portion of the land in order to procure the means of cultivating the remainder. The demand for money is so urgent, and its necessity so multifarious, that it could hardly be met by a loan, and can only be provided for by a sale of a portion of the lands.

What has been the consequence. To-day the condition of the South is hopeless. The negroes, upon whose labor the prosperity of this section rests at present, have become unprofitable and are rapidly becoming lawless. The most thirsty, contented and industrious laborers in the world have been converted, in a few short months, into indolent vagabonds and outlawed criminals.

We again ask those colored people whose exemplary conduct and commanding industry is the best evidence of their interest in the prosperity of the country, and whose characters are sufficient proof of their desire to elevate their race, to look to our columns daily and read the history of the decline of their people. Mean whites, who disgrace their own color and add no respect to the blacks with whom they associate, attempt to hide the truth, and place the crimes of these negro desperados upon "painted whites," but they are brought to the admission, after the arrest and confessions of the culprits that they are negroes. Most of the negro murderers of Col. Nathaniel have been arrested and now await trial. Our telegraphic dispatches to-day tell how this lawlessness upon the part of the blacks is spreading. We say to the negroes, and it is the advice of a well-wisher, that under their present leaders and teachers, the foundation of their early extinction is being laid. Their conduct is already attracting the attention of the whole country. The rapid rate at which they are deteriorating demands the most rigorous application of the law—their further degeneration will call for still sterner correctives.

## Christmas.

To-day is Christmas—the season of joy and festivity—when childhood, banishing all petty care from its heart, runs wild with delight, and even old age, forgetting for the while its greater sorrows, relaxes the frown upon its brow, and smiles upon the happiness it has partly caused. Today is Christmas. Oh! who, when youth and hope beat high within his heart, and the fresh young blood racing through his veins, has not felt the indescribable joy of those words. What visions of plentious stockings, hanging by the fireside, and bursting with treasures from the lavish hands of good old Santa Claus!

As to the youth who is just emerging into manhood, and though he may swagger and tell you in a pompous way he is too big to hang up his stocking, yet many a sad thought has he cast upon the time which, for him, is irretrievably gone—never to return.

Ask the middle aged man—and as he points with pride to the smiling faces of his happy children clustering around his knee, displaying their Christmas prizes without a word, you have his answer. Ask the old man of eighty years, whose task finished on earth, is calmly waiting for the final summons, and he will tell you of a

## Mr. and Mrs. Davis.

We return our thanks for a copy of the catalogue of this celebrated school. An advertisement elsewhere informs us that the Spring session will open early in March. There are in attendance at present eighty-six students, of whom fifty-four are from this State, and the remainder from nine other Southern States. Among this number we see the names of Masters Newton Robinson and Thomas W. Strange, of this city, W. H. Allen, J. A. Deal, E. J. Lilly, Kenneth and Augustus M. McDonald, and J. N. Tillington, of Fayetteville; Z. T. Fulmore, of Lumberton; A. C. Garrison, of Warsaw; R. P. Hervey, of Halifax; W. L. Kennedy of Stanbourn, and P. L. Murphy, of Magnolia.

It gives us much pleasure to chronicle the success of the Bingham School.

## OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19th, 1867.

## THE HOLIDAYS.

To the Journal:—Washington is fast assuming appearances incident to the approaching festive season. Christmas and New Years are made special occasions of relaxation, mirth and pleasure. Perhaps there is no city in the Union where the custom of making calls and receiving is carried to the extent that it is here, or where there is such a formal observance of the etiquette of fashionable life. The great reception will be by the President.—Before the doors of the Executive Mansion are thrown open to the public, the Foreign Ministers, officers of the army and navy, Cabinet Ministers, Judges of the Supreme Court, and other high officials, call on the President—the people then pass through the reception rooms en masse. This year there will be a special outpouring of the Conservative citizens of the District in a complimentary visitation to the White House. Andrew Johnson has their undivided respect and confidence, and it will be fully manifested.

## GENERAL HANCOCK.

The President's recommendation to Congress in favor of General Hancock has already become the theme of newspaper comment. The *Chronicle* of this morning says that Hancock is in high favor with rebels and copperheads. That being the case the next thing such journals do will be to call him a traitor and a copperhead, and such other pleasant epithets as enrich the vocabulary of Radicals.

General Hancock's special order No. 213, providing for an election in Texas for a Convention, bears out in its language the force of the President's allusion to Washington as always regarding the rights of the civil authorities through all dangers and disasters, for in the order Hancock says: "Military interference, unless necessary to keep the peace at the polls is prohibited." It is, indeed, a great thing to be a *soldier*.

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## New York Times.

## THE CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO IN THE UNITED STATES.

According to the statistics of taxation, there are annually consumed in the United States about one million of cigars, twenty-five million pounds of chewing tobacco, and fourteen million pounds of smoking tobacco. During the last five years seven and a half million of dollars in taxes were paid on seventy million pounds of smoking tobacco and a quarter million pounds were returned in the fiscal year 1863; over thirty-two and a half million pounds in 1864; twenty-two and a half million pounds in 1865; nearly twenty-five million pounds in 1866; and a little more than twenty-five million pounds in 1867. Upon this entire quantity the government reaped a tax of some forty million of dollars; not so much by rice and a quarter of a million as France estimated for the sale of tobacco, in the budget for one year, 1845.

## A TYPGRAPHICAL JOKE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes to a Buffalo paper:

"By some fantastic trick of your typesetters, my speech on Saturday evening is suddenly terminated, and so linked to that of Mr. Train that I am made to run off in an entire new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to boast that I neither smoke nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women. In the Buffalo Express, women are to vote for 'Liberty and equality' instead of 'freedom and equality.' In a speech, not long since, when I referred to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white males.' All three are good jokes if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who presented an unpopular idea, and carefully weighed their speech."

## RADICALISM.

A few members of the "Loyal League's" Grand Council have recently been favored with some of the views of THE NATION, commonly known as Charles Sumner.—Sumner's head must still be in a dreadful condition when such ideas can find lodgment in it.

He told the "Grand Council" that the two great mistakes of Radicalism consisted in the "failure to impeach the President and to pass a political rights bill." Tarnish failures, it must be confessed. In his judgment they have left the Radical party in a state of hopeless bankruptcy. That is the condition of that party all will agree; but bankruptcy is a trifle better than total annihilation which would have its fate had the attempt to impeach the President proceeded. Poor Sumner also "felt outraged that such men as Hunter and Rives, and Letcher" were allowed to take part in the proceedings of the Virginia Convention. His feelings ought to awaken profound sympathy. Underwood and Hument are such worthy representatives of the "mother of States" that her final and eternal destiny ought to be committed to their hands. The Fortress at the gate of hell never swung its gates upon the heads of the Radicals.

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The New Senator from California.

The telegraph brings us the intelligence of the election of the Hon. Eugene Casserly as the successor of Mr. Conness in the Senate after the 4th of March, 1869. We are gratified that the somewhat protracted deliberations of the Conservatives have resulted in the choice of one whom even the New York Tribune is compelled to recognize as possessing considerable ability and irreproachable character. Mr. Casserly is a man of middle age, a native of New York. He emigrated to California a few years ago, where he has closely applied himself to the law. His abilities and force of character have raised him to a prominent position at the bar, and with his steadfast adherence to Conservative principles, will combine to make him influential and respected in his new career.

## NAT. INTELLIGENCER.

Death of Mrs. Sam Houston.

We copy the following intelligence from the Galveston Citizen, of the 9th:

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Sam Houston, which sad event took place at Independence. The General, who was down here on business, received the sad intelligence by a telegraphic dispatch from his family, residing in the same place. We were unable to get the particulars of her death, but she is supposed to have died of yellow fever, which is said to have broken out afresh in that locality.

Since writing the above, the report has been confirmed, Mrs. Houston died of yellow fever on Thursday last.

## ENLARGE THE LIST.

The Macon Telegraph says:

Judge Irwin, of Cobb, John E. Hall, of Sumter and W. W. Wooten, of Monroe, delegates elect, have refused to take seats in the negro Convention.

To this list should be added the names of Henry H. Glisson, of Burke, and Dr. Edward E. Lane, of Emanuel county, both of whom are members elect to Pope's "negro" Convention.

Major General Darius N. Couch, 2 years ago the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, is farming in Mercer county, Va.

## CROMWELL.

The Archbishop of Cologne has got into trouble because he is a temperance man and his priests are not.

## For the Journal.

## WASHINGTON IRVING.

"What! Irving! thrice welcome, warm heart and fine brain!"

## BY MORONIA.

Writer full of sweetness! full of pleasure, grace and peeping beauty! How oft have we communed with thee in silence beneath the shady, fair-branching oak, lying prone or supine! At morning, noon, and eve, when the dew glittered like diamonds, and trembled on each blade of grass; when the sun sipped it up, and crept along the skies to his meridian splendor; and when he, declining, tinted nature, red and purple, blue and orange, golden! When the mid-night clock clinked on our ears, we closed your beauteous pages, slowly and sadly, grieving even to leave them to seek refreshing sleep. How winter evenings we recall with pleasure, gushing and pure. They were not lost. We were culling treasures, storing them for future time. They were the refinements of the English language. These throw a charm around thy writings, and bring all swiftly to thy knees, as to the tender, loving mother does her happy docile child. In thy "Alhambra" through citron groves have we roamed, and listened to the sparkling fountain making music for the moonlit still night. We have plucked the rose from its quivering stem, the rose of rhetoric from thy leaves of classic lore. We have wandered with you through Andalusia with "a serenity of soul, a buoyancy of spirits, and elasticity of frame, that render mere existence enjoyment." We have read, and wept over the mother's grave; have swept away "the weeds" and the "nettles." The tear of filial affliction dropped trickling from the cheeks on the sacred verdant mound, sacred to us, and to Heaven. Not a soul was breathing nigh. Not an eye shone there but the twinkling star of the firmament. We have "left the church-yard with our spirit once more lifted up,"—unto the throne of Jehovah.

Such is Irving in all that is enchanting in prose composition. He flings around us "a convivial currency, linking our whole community together in good humor and good fellowship; the rainy point of home-teaching; the seasonings of civic festivities; the staple of local tales and social pleasantries." His youth he loved solitude, and was always rambling through old ruins, and places of popular notoriety, whatever condition and fixed anything mysterious or startling. He climbed into the halls of Zoroaster, far away from the world of the earth. His dream was a cosmos and he peopled it with his own creation. He sat down by the river side, and by the lake, and in the glade, and read Chaucer and Spenser. As "Oldstyle" he writes for a paper. He travels over France. He roams over the classic Italy. He visits the Home of Tell, and the Alpine land. He selects riches

## STATE NEWS.

**THE NETHERCUTT MURDER.**—We learn that Sheriff Colgrave, of Jones county, on Thursday night last, arrested a colored man named Patrick Artist, near Core Creek, on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Col. Nethercutt. Artist is one of the men alluded to in the report of the murder as published in the *Republican*, who had threatened the life of Col. N.

He strenuously insisted upon his innocence until yesterday morning, when he confessed to the Deputy Sheriff that he was with the party who committed the murder.

Artist's stories and his confession to the Deputy and Sheriff are very contradictory. He says that on the night of the murder he was on his way from Core Creek to his parents' house near Trenton, that when he reached a place on the road about four miles from Col. Nethercutt's place, he saw four men ahead of him, two of whom had guns.

When he came up with them, he says, he recognized them as four colored men of his acquaintance. That they solicited him to join the party which he at first refused to do, but upon being coaxed consented. The party then informed him that they were going up to have Nethercutt killed.

Upon arriving at the place the squad halted until a dog who was barking became quiet, whereupon two of the men went around the house and returning reported to the rest that all was right. Artist says that two men entered the house, and that soon after he heard the report of a gun and the cry of a woman, who was answered by one of the men by being told to hush up. This part of Artist's narrative is very confused; at one time he said the party all left after the firing and afterwards that the party of four entered the house while he (Artist) left for his home.

Three of the four men whom Artist named as being connected with the murder, have been arrested. Two of them are residents of this city, and the other is employed on a farm a short distance from town.

There can be but little doubt but that Artist is one of the men who committed the foul deed, although parts of his story are evident fabrications. We are informed that there is considerable evidence to show that the man shot at Bachelors Creek a few nights ago was one of Col. Nethercutt's murderers, yet Artist does not implicate him.

One of the men whom Artist accuses is almost certainly innocent, as we learn from the Sheriff that several gentlemen can prove an *alibi* in his case, they having seen him on the Sunday evening when the murder was committed.

New *Berne Republican*.

**NORTH CAROLINA POLITICS.**—Gen. Lefan, of New York, and our old friend Gen. Abbott, of New Hampshire, who have become citizens of the State, and are both elected to the Constitutional Convention, have recently been in New York, and they give promise of a good Constitution. They say that the colored delegates, conscious of their want of knowledge, are anxious to be informed and advised, that no malign influences are at work, and further, that the old Whigs who retained a love for the Union during the war, are for a just reconstruction now.—Hartford (Conn.) *Concord*.

**AN ASSOCIATE WANTED.**—Mr. Lewis Sartthwaite, Editor and Proprietor of the *Washington Conservative*, wishes to dispose of a half interest in that paper. He offers no inducements for an industrious and intelligent man.

**ESCAPE OF PRISONERS FROM THE WORK-HOUSE.**—*ONE SHOT*—He SURRENDERS HIMSELF.—On Thursday morning last, five negroes who had been sentenced by the County Court to imprisonment in the work-house, succeeded in making their escape. It appears from the facts we have gained, that the prisoners, those who escaped, had made a plot to rush upon one of the guard, seize his gun and make their escape.—After rushing upon the guard and wrestling with him sometime, and finding it impossible to secure his gun, one of them fired it off in his hand, and the bold negroes took effect in one of the prisoner's feet, by the name of Attimo Rogers. Ki Cross, one of the party, then took hold upon his back and they all succeeded in making their escape.

"Clang! clang! clang!" came the bells, and a hundred voices smote the frosty air, singing the old carol.

"Go! go! you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay;—Hark! Christ our Savior was born on Christmas day."

The children crowded to the bay window, and turning to another I found it already occupied; Mark and Ina stood there; he was whispering in her ear, and had his hand in a shawl, I saw his arm around her.

As I sat by my bed-room fire an hour after, a light tap at the door woke me from my dreaming. Ina came in, her long hair floating in golden ripples over a blue dressing-gown.

"My I come and warm myself, Anny?" she said. "The fire has gone out in my room, and I am so cold." She gave a pretty little shiver, so to verify the assumption, though the warm face she presented to me rather contradicted her words.

They nestled down upon the hearth-ring, she clasped her hands round her knees. Presently she said, "I am without turning round, 'Yon like Mark Anberry, Anny, I am not funny?" No, she like me.

Then suddenly she was kneeling by me, and under a cloud of hair, and amidst a shower of kisses, I was listening to her secret, how Mark had asked her to be his wife, but how he had first settled it with his father and her; that he was to go to India until he got his promotion, when he might leave the army and marry her.

Next day the party broke up. Some to their own homes to receive guests, some to join other parties. Mark went to India in February; and I during the year, although I had been constantly of Ina, I did not meet her. So that when Christmas came again, and I saw her at the hall, I was struck with an alteration; what I could hardly tell. She had grown handsome. Every one saw and said that, and yet no one hinted at other changes. Yet from the moment she came up to me, and took at me with her great grey wistful eyes, my heart chilled, and a fear I could not define came over me. Nor was my anxiety lessened when, as we were talking of Mark, Ina began to cry passionately, and rushed out of the room. There was something wrong, and missing her that evening from the drawing-room, I went to look for her.—Opening the morning-room door, I saw Ina. She was sitting at the window, but not alone; a man was beside her. There was no light save that of the moon, so I did not recognize him, nor did I try to make the attempt; to tell the truth, I was indignant with her; and closing the door with a bang, I marched off to the drawing-room. People were seated here, and there and everywhere, so I could not make out who it was with Ina, though I tried hard that night and the next day to discover who had made my pet so miserable. We were all busy that day, Ina as hard at work as any of us; but when midnight came, with its bell-ringing and carol singing, I missed her, and with a feeling I could neither withstand nor explain, I went to the little room. There she was.

This time the window was open and the man, for he was there too, was standing by her, his arm around her. I heard her murmur something in a sobbing voice, and saw her lift her hands above her head and wring

them. Then, traitor as she was, I could play the eavesdropper no longer, but hurried away, and when I got to my bedroom a little later I sat down and cried; of course it was foolish; what had I, an old maid, to do with the perfumed faith of a hearling girl, or the broken heart of a too easily drawn lover? As I sat there before the dying fire, with my tears still wet upon my face, I became conscious of a sound resembling waves breaking; I listened, the waves beat grew louder. I could hear them distinctly, and so too could I hear the wind and storm howling louder and louder; it broke against the windows of my room, nay, in the very room itself. I shuddered as the blast passed over me; I felt the cold spray dashing in my face and grasped the chair as I tried to shriek, to cover my ears and hide my eyes in the pillow, but in vain. I had no choice but to look upon the stormy sea where a ship lay tossing helplessly. I saw the spars washed overboard. I saw men struggling in the pitiless waves; the faces and streaming hair of women and once the white face of a little child. Then the darkness became so intense that only when the lightning flashed could I distinguish the wrecks, although the thunder of the tempest was curdling my blood. Suddenly the winds and waves ceased their war, and there came a calm so deep that I heard every throb of my heart; and as I sat wondering what was coming, a gentle wind rushed past me, a hand touched my face and Mark Anberry's voice cried, "Comfort Ina."

After that I seemed to faint, for when I recovered consciousness the fire and candles were out, and the dull grey morning was shining into the room. Gradually I began to collect my thoughts, and as I undressed myself and crept into bed, a feeling of horror had come down upon me. I had been so deeply in the supernatural, and now tried hard to convince myself that I had been dreaming, and so determined to treat it as a dream, and laughing at my folly, persistently kept down my fears, leaving next day, without saying a word to Ina. Our parting was a cold one, for my heart was full, and I knew that the slightest demonstration on my part would overtake me, turn my self-control, and give my sensible resolutions to the winds, &c. With a cold kiss and muttered "you'll write of course" we parted.

A fortnight after I saw Mark's promotion in the Gazette, and the following post brought me a letter from Ina. "Mark," she said, "had left India, coming home round the Cape to shake off the effects of a slight attack of fever."

The letter fell from my hand. I saw it now—and the cold drop stood upon my forehead as I seemed again to hear the sad voice crying, "Comfort Ina." Mark was drowned. By some mysterious power I had been the sister's stepson, and admitted, first, for her sake, was speedily loved for his own. A soldier and the son of a soldier, Mark had won honor which, in our out-of-the-world county, established him a hero at once, and I verily believe that he was the best man with his message of love. His last thought had been of Ina; and Ina, what of her? What at the very time she was false to him, Mark was in the jaws of death—and such a death!

I was wretched. I could not write. I dare not see her. I went away by myself where none of my people could get at me and compel me to tell (as I felt I must) my terrible secret. Weeks passed. I grew ill with anxiety, and last went to London to consult the shipping-agents, hoping against hope. They told me the ship was due at the end of the month, but that there having been rough weather she might be delayed. So, leaving orders to telegraph the first intelligence, I went back to the village where I had pitched my tent.

"A month overdue, now, and people at the office getting anxious;" so wrote my sister, and I put her letter away and still waited.

"Two months overdue, and hope dying; Ina is in a strange way, and keeps talking of you. May she come?" So wrote my brother, Ina's father, before I could answer her. I was a sister and her only child. Ina was a fair Spaniard, and the prettiest girl I ever saw; her uncommon beauty, for she was utterly unlike any of our girls, and her quaint ways, took our hearts at once, and completely subdued that of Mark Anberry. Now, though Mark was not strictly speaking, a relation, he was a sister's stepson, and admitted, first, for her sake, was speedily loved for his own.

Mark had come back to us, bringing with him his only child. Ina was false to him, and he had come to her home, and then found her in the silence memory woke up; and the ghosts of the past came trooping by, some laughing, some weeping, until it was hard to know whether old Christmas was a time for mirth or sadness.

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## LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Railroad Accident.

The passenger train from Southbridge for Boston, on the Erie and Hartford Railroad, was thrown off the track yesterday by a broken rail. One car was turned over and several passengers bruised, but none, however, were seriously injured.

Orders have been received at the Navy Yard in Charlestown from Washington, to discharge 300 cent. of the mechanics employed in that yard.

From Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 22.

The Radical Judicial Convention met here yesterday. It was one of the most stormy political conventions ever held in Tennessee.

Nearly two thousand negroes were present, and the Convention, after adjourning from the Court House to the Capitol, broke up in confusion without nominating a candidate for the Attorney General.

The following nominations were made by the Convention:

Chancellor—H. H. Garrison; Circuit Court Judge—John H. Smith; Circuit Court Judge—Eugene Corry.

From Philadelphia. More Whisky Distillery.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.

Four large distilleries were seized here yesterday on the charge of defrauding the Government by false revenue returns.

From Charleston. Cotton Factors Memo.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 22.

A Memorial is in circulation among the Cotton Factors here, praying Congress that it be passed to the effect that the cotton factors be given a moderate reduction in the amount of their taxes.

